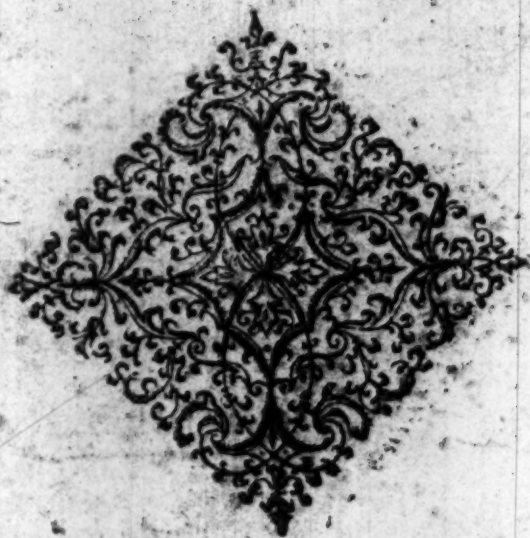


SATIRY. N. 1641.

CALL DIALOGUE OR A SHAR-

plye-invectiue conference, be-
tweene *Alexander* the great, and
that truelye woman-hater *Diog-*
nes.

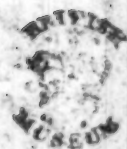


*Imprinted in the Lowcountrie for all
such gentlewomen as are not alto-
geather Idle nor yet well.*

OCVPYED.

VIII

AFTER
 CALLED
 OR A
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 THE
 THE



Printed in the London
 and not also
 better, the more well.

OCCEPTE

beauteous: to the all-illustrious, and
most puissant creatures of the Earth, VVOE-
MEN: Willyam Goddard, sole desirer of th' yncrease of your
bewtyes, and chiefe adorer of your goddes-like vertues,
(with al reuerence to your Angelicall sex,) commendes to
your protection this harsh vnlearned

DIALOGVE.



Tarrs of this earthlie beaun, you whose essence
Composd was of mans purest guyntessence,
To you (to virtuous you) I dedicate
This snaggy sprigg, hew'd from a crabby pade
Wherein (Celestiall bewties) you shall see,
Howe old Diogynes extollerh yee.

We men, doe loue to see our selues up-raisd
And socond are, to heare our awn selues praisd

But (oh you springes of Wisdome) I doe find

That is a thing most hatefull to your kind.

Yet old Diogynes did see your worth,

Such worth hee sawe, as needes beed paint it forth.

Accept his loue; for all the Gymicks deedes

Out of true zeale vnto your sex proceedes

With reu'rent zeale, as high as th' azur'd skyes

Your virtuous deedes, the old man magnifies.

Conrary wise, he wuh a bitter penn,

Iruetivelie, doth write against bad men,

Comaunding them, that what soe'er they doe,

They alwayes should example take by you.

Badd are these men, such is their peruerse kind

They burne all bookes, wherein theire faults they find

And therefore (earthlie aungells) my desire

Is you'l protect this, from consuming fire.

The euer-faythfull honoures
of your celestyall Sex

Willyam Goddard.

To the senceles Censurer.

Rash Reader, read my booke, and when tis read
Disdaynefullie through't o're thy muddy head
Thy condemnations peale a both sides ringe:
Rash men are priuilegd t'saie anie thing
And therefore (*hate-braine*) reade, criemewe di-
like:

My spleene swells not when fooles with bables strike.
Pack hence *precision*: cry'lt it is obscene?
Dine deeper *shallowe* pate: knowe what I meane
Knowe what I meane? alas! what hope haue I?
Since carpers mindes haue but a pore blynd eye
Yet to prevent thy censures thus much knowe
Whollye this booke was made, *folie* to shoue
And he which laies ope tymes abuse, and vice
Are sildome blam'd of men Indicious wise:
At which I ay'md; and therefore *duncepare* hence
Or looke for lashes for thy rude offence.

William G.

A SATIRYCALL DIA-
LOGVE OR A SHARPLYE-IN-
VECTIVE CONFERENCE

Betweene

ALEXANDER THE GREATE,

and that

Trulye Woman-hater Diogynes.

Alexander.



Hy howe nowe Cynnick, what dust doe a daies
That thou in tubb art coop't vp thus alwaies?

Diogynes.

What doe I doe? not daunce from howse to howse
To bibb in wyne sweete Iuice, each dambd corrowse
Nor doe I gallop it from place to place
To veiwe each faire bewitching painted face
Nor studdy howe, this populous world to wynn
My studdy's howe, to beate and conquer synn
I studdy not wherewith my gutts to cramm
On what soe ere I feede, well pleas'd I am.
To mee's all one the fyn'st and grossest meate
So't wholesome be, I nere care what I eate.
With in my selves a world, and it is true
I howrlie fight, all that world to subdue
And these fell-fighters bee the enymies,
That rebell-like, againste me dailie rise
Vaine Pryde (my cheifest foe) the leading hath
Of these seirce-foes: loathd, drunkenues and Wrath
With Auerce, Slothe, Gluttonie, and Lust,

Encounter horrible curie date I must
To beate downe these, I daylie doe devise:
To this end, I vse strength and pollicies:
I studdy nor, nor trouble I my witt
Howe I by flatt'ry should be fauouritt,
Vnto greate *Alexander*. I would refuse
To be that monarchs selfe, If I might chuse.

Alexander.

Thou wouldst not; wouldst?

Diogenes.

I would by Ioue I vowe

Alexander.

A Las (poore fillic snake) why what art thou?

Diogenes.

What thou art not: I am an honest man
And then (I hope) the more vnlike thee than.
I am noe Courtyer I, for once by chaunce
I with an other mans faire wife did daunce
Yet Icie-vayned-I (vnset a fire)
Did freeze moste coldie, in lous hott desire:
I did indeed: but doe you heare me hoe?
Wase're hott-bloued Courtyer frozen soe?
I am noe Lawyer I, for once there was
A poore man praide me vndertake his case
Quoth he, praie vndertake and you shall haue your fee
Though you sitt dumb, and nothing speake for me.
But I refusd it I: yet harke you hoe
What Lawyer ere refusd, and tempted soe?
I am noe younger-brother, brauelie sprighted
For once avfring golden *Assie* (benighted)
Quiteladen, with his full stuttreasure baggs;
By me that dreaming drudge, all feareles laggs
Yet honest I (vntempted with this sight)
Though emptie mayd, at this baite would not bite
Hence capring Courtyer ask you who I am?
Goe, gett you hence, scudd quick from whence you came.

Alexander.

Alexander.

CYnnick you are to sharpe did you but knowe me
I am assurd more reu'rence you would showe me.

Diogenes.

HOwe? I showe reverence? noe, vnderstand
That *Alexander* getts none at my hand.

Alexander.

IN faithe *Diogenes* thou haste not beene,
In all thy life, where anie thing th'ast seene.
Yf thoudst but trauayle and some fashions see,
Thoudst aunswere none, as nowe thou aunswerst me.

Diogenes.

HAue I not trauayld? ha? yes yes I trowe,
(Spruce fellowe) thou haste neuer trauaild foe.
Where I haue bene, theres fewe harh euer beene
But yet men saie noe wonders I haue seene,
Why once I sawe, a rich- left here to weepe,
When's old dadd tooke his euerlasting sleepe.
Once did I see a bewteous maide (tis straunge!)
Liue twentie yeares, yet not that title chaunge
Once did I see a wife in ~~the~~ singe weede
Shedd teares ouer hir husbands course indeed
I once did see a Cytizens faire wife
Lie at the Courte, he leading else wher'es life
And hee (ins witt) noe wiser then an asse
Yet was hee brow'd, more smother then smotherst glasse
Once did I see a King giues foes the spoile
And gaue his souldyers leaue, to take the spoile
And lastlie once I was in such a Court
Where 'bout the King, noe flatterers did resort
Where I haue beene, oh surelie none haue beene,
Then why saie you, noe wonders I haue seene?

A 4

Alexander.

Alexander.

WHy faith *Diogenes* me thinkes these are,
Nor things (as thou wouldst make em) wondrous rare
The like in currie place and realme I see
Th'are comon, man, they ordynarie be.

Diogenes.

THose ordynarie thinges? Ifayth sir noe;
These thinges, are th'ordynarie thinges, I trowe
To see faire bewtious ladies nowe a daies
Refuse to take at once both pricke, and praise
Of both the ile not accept, for still those men
Which gives the one, shall tother haue agenn.
The other thinges? why? those are wondrous rare
These be the thinges that ordynarie are
To see howe Lords shake-of their serving men
And howe their ladies take them on agen
Holding em in (vnto their Lords vnknowne)
To ride in private, with them vp and downe
T'see mercers bookes fild-vp with courtiers names
To see your mincing bewteous cyttie dames
Haue alwaies some one gallant of the court,
(As knifman to them) to their howse resort.
To see, a plaine kind man loue none soe much
As he which giues his pate the cuckolds tutch
These; these are ordynarie man: also
This thing is as much ordynarie too
To see your ritch old country squires to wedd
Their chamber maides vnto their seruaunts bedd
But firste themselues to take the maydenhead
Then place them in some cottage nere at hand
To haue their service, readie at commaund.
Thou saydst the first were ordynarie thinges:
Awaie awaie: why man to see on Kinges
Howe *Daunger* plaine, cloathd smoothly, smiling *Daunger*
Wayteth on them, attending like noe straunger
But like some smyling, countenanced freind
Onelie to gue too's Prince, his fatall end:

Thou

Thou'lt say perhaps, this is soe common thing
But thou'd'st vn say't againe wert thou a King
What thinges are common, and not comm on be,
Thy shallowe reach, cannot conceaue I see.

Alexander.

NAie fie *Diogenes* infaith thou art,
In thy conclusions still a dram, to tart
I pray thee lett me soe preuaile with thee
As ride to *Alexanders* court with mee
Twill mend thee much, and I will vndertake,
The King shall byd thee welcome for my sake.

Diogenes.

VNto my Tubb, lett *Alexander* come
I'me in a Pallace, when I'me in this houle
Let those that list, vnto thy King resort,
Tis not my list: what should I doe at's court?

Alexander.

AS others doe; in spending of smale pelfe,
Thou maiste in tyme to honour raise thy selfe.

Diogenes.

I cannot fawne, my tongue too rustie is;
I bashfull am; I'm nothing boldlie rude
I rather chuse Court delectates to misse
Then with a brazen face my selfe ty'ntrode:

In tubb (coop't. vp) I will liue euer mude
And euer liue vppon lowre garden woortes
Er'e Ile' a flatter' er be, and followe cortes

I cannot turne my tongue to praise and laude
A soone-lamb'd prick-card proud-fierce fry steed
I cannot *Fyndalls* full deepe mouth applaud
Nor swaete the greate-mans grew hound hath best speed

B

When

When hee doth plaie the slowe-hugg curr indeed
Though some cann doo't, yet such is my sowre hind
I neuer could, though't gall's his sweld-pult mind

Y I cannot tell the greate soole hee is wise,
Nor tell fowle ladies, they are wondrous faire
I ne're applaude aboue heauns-spangled skies
The curld-worne tresses, of dead-borrow'd haire
Like Northern blaste I breathe my crittick aire:
I am noe Mimyck ape, I loathe and hate,
Each light-braind, giddy-head to lmy rate

I cannot brooke, to suck the livings bloud
Of these old Vsser's ritch-left prodigalls
I nourish not with such sweete-bitter food:
I hate to rise by other mens downe falls
I knowe tis Ill though other think tis good
Though some doe think such papp all sweete to be
Yet I doe not; it poyson proues to mee.
To make short worke, I neuer loud'vaine sportes
And therefore I'me vnsitt for Prynces Courtes?

Alexander.

Diogenes, thou art deceyued quite
In vanities Kinges take the least delight
He vndertake none shall respected bee
(Yf thou wilt followe him) better then thee
Come to the Court, and then in seeing him
Thou also maiste, take veiue of ladies trymm
Mee thinkes, hee is too dull and fadd of spright
That in a bewteous dame takes noe delight.
Why hee that's mary'd is in heaun all night.

Diogenes.

THere lett him bee, for I had rather dwell
A thousand tymes, a single man in hell
I am assur'd that ther'es noe Diuell cann
(Like to a wife) torment a mary'd man.

Ife aone of them, I'me ener worse a yeare
When once I doe, a womans tongue but heare
It galls my gutts when I a woman see
He not once come, where such straunge creatures be }
Come hold your tongue, and prate no more to me }

Alexander.

NAie good *Diogynes* bee not soe quick
I hope yet ere I die, see thee loue sick

Diogynes.

LOue-sicke? why I doe loue these women soe
As I'me soe fonde, I knowe not what to doe
Such is my loue vnto the femall Kind
As were I Empr' our of thyn fernal lake
But women none with me should fauour synd
One man into my Kingdome I'de not take
Ide' send my seruaunts out, to scarch and see
To bring all women in the world to mee.

Alexander.

BYth masse *Diogynes* thou loust em well
Wert thou the King and gouernour of hell
Thou wouldst I see aduance the women kind
There is noe want of will hadst to thy mind
Wert thou (I see) the prince of that faire place
Women, (onelic) with thee should be in grace
I see thou'dst very carles be of men
I see thou'dst women haue, r' attend thee then.

Diogynes.

I that I would, and this they should be bold
Ide carefull be they should not freeze with cold

Alexander.

I sayth *Diogynes* I doubt th'ast euer
Beene privatelie a vild lacinious liuer

Or neuer halte bene yet (Igreasoulde care)
Where anie one faire vertuous creature weare.

Diogenes.

NOr nere will looke to be : I am too wise
To thinke that vertue cann remaine in vice.

Alexander.

Wert thou at Court, thou'dst alter then thy mind
When women thou didst see, soe wondrous kind
For sake this Tubb, 'tis folliterie ill
And howe to court faire ladies, learne the skyll.

Diogenes.

NOwe, by the lustfull fire, hott boiling vaines
Of that same wanton greate god Iupiter
I am vn skild in these speech-pleasing straines
To courte a wenche when I come vnto hir
I'me then an all-mute dumb and surlie fir
I cannot lispe, nor cann I courtlike saie,
When I doe women woe, I runn my waie.

I cannot singe, nor cann I turne my tongue
To chaunte a Syren- charming quau'ring dittye
When I these bewties chaunce to come amonge
My lead-fade-fable lookes must moue their pittie
All what is in me then, is all vnwittie
I want these warbling noates to wynn their lones
Nor cann I prick song sett, which better moues

I cannot musick it, nor finger fyne
A sweete-cleare-throated, care-charme instrument
I'me not possesse with such sweet parts deuyne
Whereby to cause, faire bewties merrymment
Tynchaunt their eares nothing cann I invent
And well knowe I, that women take delight
In these same instruments, both daie and night

I cannot daunce, nor with my spawling heeles
Cann I the ny'mble curt-heele experie tick
My sullen bloud an other humor feelles
To woe a wench, I want the wanton trick
I am a milksopp then, I then am sick
Againe, strengthes moysture in may vaines is skant,
Which women after dauncing must not want,
And therefore pry thee fellowe lett me rellie
Of all these worldly Courts, my Tubb's the best.

Alexander.

Diogenes, my meaning is mistooke
I would not, that your Tubb be quite forlooke
But for your recreation nowe and then
You'd goe too th' Court, from court t' your tubb agen.
Mistake me not, it will for your good tend
A wiseman alwaies lysten will too's freind.

Diogenes.

NAie would you would these complementes forbeare
For Courtyers freindships, I did neuer care
Yet should I chuse a freind, a Courtyer than
I would make choise of, fore another man:
By this example I will plainelie proue
That like to Courtyers, none doe truelie loue
Like to apparrell they doe loue their freind
To what (like that) doe they their loues extend:
Like cloathes they loue their freindes: why that is true
Iust like em, cause they nere loue cloathes but newe:
Pack hence, for such loue should I find of you.

Alexander.

NAie fye *Diogenes* you cann (yf list)
Forbeare to plaie this crabbe-sowre satirist
I pry thee Cynnick broach thy milder braine
And let thy wordes runn in a sweeter vaine
In others natures too too much you marlist,

Against there hartes too rully loue you beren
I doe dislike it I, I pry thee cease
Thoud' st gaine more loue, yf thou didst hold thy peace:
Turne courtier man, come, be thou polittick wise
He best wynns loue, that best cann sooth-vp vice.

Diogenes.

Then Ile' wynn hate: nor King nor Clowne Ile' spare
Yf they with vices vennyng poysoned are
Yf with Prides swellinge tympany I fynd
There hartes are once past-vp; Ile speake my mind.
Let's pate be crownd, with hundred thousand crownes
Let cruell deathe, succeed his wrathfull frownes
Yet (yf in him) loathd' filthie synns I see
Hee shall not (in them) sooth'd-vp-be, by mee
I cannot soothe; I am not that waies wife:
Who liueth not in vertue, dies in vice.

Alexander.

Thou sayst well Cynnick, for I hold this race
Of oyl'd-tongu'd flattrers, to be dangerous base
The cankerd rust, doth not the Iron fret
Soe faste as these, doe in good natures eate
The statelie oake a longer tyme would liue
Yf to the Ivie, he noe truste did giue
But as the Ivie, 'bout the oake entwynes
To worke his fall; so't fares with flattrers mindes.

But whether in discourse, shall our tongues walke?
I came not here, of court affaires to talke
I came to see, thy manner kind of life
And t'aske thee, why thou getst thee not a wife,
Faith gett thee one, I would not lie alone
Yf all the world could but afford mee one.

Diogenes.

A wife? why for my life I cannot see
Howe man, with woman, ener should agree

When

When men goe backward, and goe downe the wynd
 It frettes, cuttes, galles, and greiveth sore the mind
 When women backward growe, and downeward goe
 Their spleenes, with laughter tickles then I trowe:
 Since their two natures, are soe contrarie
 I muse howe twene them, can be sympathie
 A wife? oh fellowe tha't a younge man yet
 Ther'es much sowre sawce, belongs to that sweete bitt:
 Who would be troubled with the yawling noyle
 Of a harsh-whewling young childe's whympring voice
 Againe, to see em fligger, smile, and plaie
 Doth make mee greine as much an other waie
 When they doe simper, I doe fighe; for then
 I mynd the miseries, theyl see (ere men.)
 Twould cutt my heart to heare a babe crye dadd
 Oh giue me meate: when tis not to be hadd
 He that doth wiue, for pleasures sole intent
 Tis tenn to one, but soone he will repent.
 Who would be bonnd to scrape, pinch, carke, and care
 For brattes, (perhapps) that gott by others are?
 Not I: Ile' none of this thing, cald a wife
 Let him take one, thar's wearie of his life
 For hee that alwaies will supplies' wiues lack
 Must vnto Nature goe, for a Steele back.
 A wife? Ile ha noe wife: such sprights will frowne
 Vnles they (er'ea non) are coinurd' downe:
 Againe my little Tubb is too too small
 To hold my wife, my selfe, and whom shee'll call
 It must not be a smale howse that cann hold
 A silent man, ioynd with a shrill-tongud schold
 Nowe will hir gossipps come; then praie nowe where
 Is roome for them to chatt, and make good cheere?
 And nowe hir old-acquainted freind will come
 (Perhapps to see hir, when I'me from my home)
 Then where's my galleree, for them to walk?
 Or anie place for old freindes secrett talk?
 Some what perhapps theyd' doe, I should not see:
 Where haue I chambers then for them to bee?
 Not in my Tubb my Tubb hath nor the scope
 For hir to gossip'r, with hir mates I hope.

Yet though I have no wife (with loose attire)
 My harte is flamd: burnt am I with loues fire
 A loue I haue to whom I will be true
 Obserue hir partes, I will discribe them you
 My loues pure white hath ne're sustaind a spot
 She's wife, good, rich, faire, chaste, what is thee not?

*H*ir eyes, grace, speech; hath fir'd, amaz'd, ravi'sht,
 My harte, sence, thoughts; with loue, wonder, delight,
 But fir'd, amaz'd, sence-rest; sought, prayde, and wisht,
 To quenche, cure, and heale; loue, sence, and eyes-dymd sight
 Thus eyes, grace, speache; hath fir'd, amaz'd, sence-charm'd
 My thoughts, sence, wits, with loue, with feare, unarm'd

Oh my loue's fairelie white without a spott
 Such is hir hue noe staine hir hue can blott
 Virtue's that Dame in hir sweete grace I sit
 'Tis thee loues me, she's a womans oppositt,
 Could I one headles lymb les corp les see
 To such a one would I betrothed be
 For had thee nere a head; noe tongue theed haue:
 Nor corps; then Ide not deead the lechrous knaue:
 Nor lymb; then should I neuer quiering stand
 Fearing my eares remembrance of hir hand
 Of rope or hangman I was nere afrayde
 At noe sight quake I but at wife or maide.

Alexander.

OH harsh-soure, crabby Cynick, still thee
 To gentle creatures thou wilt stubborn be
 If with a girle thast neuer slept a night
 Thy soule hath neuer tasted sweet delight,
 Such is the femall sex, while wife or maide
 As of them, too much good, cannot be haide
 Methinks the slipping bloud (a Virgins grace)

Which

Which tripps iavaltoes in each maydens face
When mens fowle tongues, o re-floues with ribaldery
Should make thee loue maides, for their modestie.

Diogenes.

Maydens modest? what is this modestie?
If it is in them, it is a vice saie I
Vertue in women is as cold as Ice:
Nothing is warme in them vnlest be vice.
Thou art a dunce, thou halste noe reatche I see
Why Maydes at all tymes can faine modestie.
Theil' blush as oft while they hie single liues
As they will weepe, when they be mary'd wiues:
If it was my life, I could a thousand name
That would (yf men talke ill) blush at the same
Yet by themselves, their tongues shall nimble walke
Whole nights together, all in too-broad talk.

Alexander.

THou wrongst em soore: I doe not think it I
That maydens tongues, will tripp Immodestie.

Diogenes.

THou doost not, doost? I prithee think soe still:
I think thy witt is like a womans will
But what thou doost not think, I trulie knowe:
What I haue saide of maydes men shall find soe
I fellowe, fellowe, till theire by themselves
Maydes in talke are modest bashfull elues
But beinge from the companie of men
The lawes of modestie is broken then.
Twas not longe since I stood to maydens neere
But Lord! thou'nt ne re beleue what I did heare
For oneli that same wench esteemd' was well
Which could the ribauldft dreame, relate and tell:
I could relate all what they did relate
But that my tongues, diu'd to such like prate
'Tis vild obscene; speake younge man wilt you haue?

C

Alexander.

Alexander.

Come, out witht Cynnick, I knowe thy delight
Is, all in all to worke faire woomen spight.

DIOGINES RELATES
the three wanton Sisters wan-
ton dreames.

Diogynes.

O Ver the fyre, once three maydens sate
Vnknowne to them, I ouer heard their chatt
Eache with hir tuckt-vp cloathes, in pleasing plight
(Pleasing I meane vnto fond y^{ou}nge mens sight)
Satt ore the fyre, soe, as one might see,
From slender foote, to round white nimble knee
As thus they satt, I'm sure thou doest thinke what
(When maydes with maydens bee) wilbe their chatt
Girles (quoth the eldest sister) what shall's doe?
Smal'es my desire, vnto my bedd to goe
For yet, I never in my couche could fynd
A sportiue mate to please my mayden mind
Alas, alas, what pleasure and delight
Takes one mayde with an other in the night?
But smale god knowes it, for my owne part I
Ne're tooke anie with whom Ie're did lie.
For loue, noe revells in that bedd doth keepe
Where one girle, by an others side doth sleepe.
For trulye (sisters) there is none that can
Giue maydes delight in bedd, but a young man
And but in dreame (the more unhappie I)
I ne're with such a beddfellowe could lie
But yet in dreame (oh matchles sweete delightes /)
Iv'e lyne, and lyne, with one whole wynters nightes
The greater greife (you'l saie) 'twas to my mind
When I did wake, and my selfe single fynd.
Oh girles it was / but sisters I doe see,

It is with eu'ry mayde as 'tis with mee.
 Such are our dreames, as wee doe laugh in sleepe
 But when wee wake againe, oh then wee weepe.
 But what shall doe? wee'l not soe soone to bedd
 Letts rather tell, howe ne're wee haue beene sped d.
 Our merry st dreames come lett vs nowe relate
 Girles gott with girles, their mindes maie freelie prate
 What though w' are maides? here are noe men to heare vs
 Freelie wee vse to chatt, when th' are not nere vs
 W' are by our seltes: what ere we talke, is well
 Come letts drawe lotts, which first hir dreame shall tell.

At which the youngest, blushing like a rose
 Being assignd by lott, firste to disclose
 Begynns to tell howe to hir soules delight
 Hir senses ravisht' were, the other night.

THE YOUNGEST Sisters dreame.

QOrk shee, on bedds softe downe downe did I lie
 And snuggd doowne close, to haue sleepe close enche eye
 But ere I would bee, I entred in a muse
 (I such a muse as all wee maydens vse)
 I mus'd (me thought) if there were sweeter blisse
 For maydes, then: lie with men, to clipp and kisse
 Me thought, I thought (this thought setcht out a groane)
 It was a hell to lie, all night alone.
 At which I sight, and turning me I wept
 Desiring, what I knowe not, till I slept
 In which my sleepe (oh fancies sweete delight?)
 Appeard a youth (Pheobus was much lesse bright.)
 Gold were his lockes, fyre sparkles were his eyne
 His browes, cheekes, and chynn were as louelie fyne
 His shirte was hee, a shirte soe fyne I wynn
 As one might see, what was tweene shirte and skynn
 His snowe-white armes, in-laide with azur d vaine
 (Mixed with crimson dye) one might see plaine
 His full-broade mantle some what downye cheste
 Dale-like indented tweene two mounting brestes;

On which two prettie friskles tearlinges growe:
 Not milke sweete, sweete onelie for the veswe,
 I saw's soft slender waste; and sisters well nie
 If we what grewe beneath his plump-round bellie:
 All what I sawe (sweete wonches) I would tell ye
 But that sweete loue coniuers me (heres the spight)
 Not to discrib, mans sweetly-sportine spight:
 Oh sweet's the dreame, which yeeldeth such delight
 But come girles come; (sye whether doe I roume?)
 Me thinkes bu: coldlie & tooth purpose come:
 To me he came, and kiste me too; when I
 Me thought did faine, I did a sleeping lie
 Me thought, I lett him kisse and kisse agenn
 And iouche me too (maydes maie be toucht by men.)
 I sisters, say he (me thinkes) that maide's unwise
 That will in priuate, to hir loue be nice
 Two faythfull lovers cannot syn I weene
 Soe what they doe, by others is not scene.
 Nowe would the wagg, be stroaking of my face
 And nowe my pappes, anon another place
 Delighting of himselfe, sisters you can
 (Better then I) tell what best likes a man
 But sayth-la girles, I cannot chuse but smile
 I laie, as yf I soundlie slept the while
 Permitting him to please the appetite
 Of his too too-fond, youth-lust-burning sight
 Fayning, & soundest slept, when hee did steale
 To unhilt that which maides should churist conceale
 But, when as hee'd haue come into my beed
 The feare I had to loose my maydenhead
 Awaked me: Quoth hee tother sisters, what?
 I hope we maydens least of alife are that
 Beleue me (quoth the elder gille) should I
 With my sweete-bart, on my wedding-night lie
 And find him, drowsie dull, like beane & lead
 Hunting bu: coldlie for a maydenhead:
 I would kill my tender bart: I would murder mee
 The blushing morne I nere should line to see
 Oh I should fill the roome with groanes: in morne
 Wuh looks dejected I should seeme forlorne.

But when you wake (quoth she) chuse you not this
 Oh noe! in that case maides nere chafe with this
 Though wee seeme angry, at there boldest partes
 Yet seldome comes, our anger from our hartes
 For in louses sporre (this is our sexes wyle)
 We'el seeme to frowne when most of all we smile
 Yet sisters faith (quoth she) me thought I wept
 When I did wake, cause I noe longer slept
 For trath: la girles such pleasure in't take
 As in like dreame, I would nere greiue me to wake
 Had I a world, I'de giue to learne the skyll
 Howe I should sleepe and d: come soe at my will
 Had I that arte, that matchles pleasing sight
 Fewe daies I'de haue, eache daie I'de turne to night
 Lye downe I would, lulling my selfe a sleepe,
 Bidding my soule delightfull reuells keepe:
 Sild would I wake, but alwaies by my will
 I'de sleepe, and dreame, and be embracing still.
 Nowe second sister w: ke, I praie (quoth she)
 And in your laste nightes dreame come second me.

THE SECOND SI- sters dreame.

THe second sister some what modest bold
 Reply'd; my dreame partlie by you is told
 Before you slept, me thought, I heard you saie
 You in sweete musinge, did a longe tyme laie
 You musing sigh'd, and sigh'd, till sleepe did steale
 Vppon your mayden eyes, their lidds to seale
 At length you slept and dreame you sawe your loue
 (A dreame indeed, which much vs maydes doe moue)
 You kiste with him, but when he ed with you lie
 That made you wake, and our the bedd to flie
 But soe (me thought) sweet sister did not I
 For I (me thought) did thinke it was noe sym-
 To lett a youth betweene my sheetes leape in
 But yet for fashions sake oft thus I'de crye

Praye gett you hence, seeke some where els to lye
Yet this repulse should still see faintlie come
As it should feirer whett him, on for reuenge
For coldlie, to denie lones sweetes delight
Spurrs to a gallop, the feirce appetite.
And sisters well you knowe, we maydes doe hold
Those youngmen weake which hunt lones chase but cold
What is it to crye, fye, or praye nowe hence?
Why to a resolute mynde, that kinde offence
Too open lies: oh! men are desprate foes
Vppon aduantage, theile come in, and close,
Ide ne're crye, fye awaie, nor utter this
But I would closty hugg to him and kisse.
Begone, surcease, y are rude, forbear I praie
Of tymes such wordes, I'ue gone aboute to saie
But er'e those cruell wordes, could haue their birth
Tha'ue smath'erd bynn, and all has turnd to mirth
Wages well knowe howe, to quench our angers flame
Sweete kisses, at first kindling, dampen the same
For (sisters) Loue, his schollers this doth teache
Wee ioyne should lippes, to seale our lipp's from speach
And soe it fard with vs; speachles we laie
Giving to pleasures sweagend streame free waie
Soe longe (me thought) we dally'd in the bedd
As almost I had lost my maydenhead
But (girdes) I curse Dreames false deluding guile
As I was loosing it, I wakt the while
Oh girdes! oh girdes! who knowes what I did misse,
For I awakt, in midst of sweetest blisse
If euer mayde, toucht Nectar with hir lipp
Then I (in dreame) of that sweete ioyce did sipp
But oh I wakt! oh then (awakt) my spight
For being wakt, a sleepe fell all delight
Nowe eldest sister you must wake (quoth shee)
Your turne's to tell, the next d came after me
And reason to the eldest sister sayde
Else let on me, some for fryture be laide
But, I must tell: he dreames you haue told twice
Unles I should, some fained dreame devise
Were here more then fye hundred maydes: yet each

Of vs, should in one text and lesson preache
 For all we maydes doe dreame alike a nights
 Then to our eyes appeareth pleasing sights
 And then a smack we taste of loutes delights,
 Oh that Dame Nature, would but heare my sute
 Then should our mayden bodies, beare a noe fruite.
 Or would it were noe scandall to our lines
 To haue our pappes giue sucke, er'e married wines:
 If with that pleasing graunt, we maydes were blest
 Then soner would we yeild to loutes request
 For a my sayth girles were it not for feare
 To be with childe, I'd e'ne' denie my Deare
 Oh then these false dreames fond deluding sights
 Weed ne're care for: we'ed taste loutes tr'ust delights
 More then tenn thousand tymes, I've thought to pyne
 This mallenchollie fullen corpes of myne
 For sild (alas) we maydes can taste sweet loue
 But our owne bellies, doe the tell-tales proue
 With fullen pusi-up pride alowde they reade;
 Proclayming publikelye our private deed
 Happie are wines, for they are nere as frayde
 Of that which terryfyeth moste a maide,
 They maie haue boyes and girles, and boies agen:
 They maie with husbundes lie, and oth'er men;
 Yet nothing noted; but alas poore we
 Sild dare doe ought, but what the world maie see,
 Each thinge, it selfe ag ainst vs doth oppose
 All thinges are blabbes, our secrets to disclose
 For sild we reape loutes pleasure in the night
 But envious daie (to' ur shames) brings it to light
 Shewing too plaine, at what game we haue beene
 Making our sweetlie stolen pleasures scene.
 Oh were it not for dreames, I wonder?
 Howe we in bedd a nights could brooke to lie
 But come, lett these things passe; cyt her of you
 Your dreames haue told: my dreame beginneth now

THE ELDEST SI- sters dreame.

OH (sisters) knowe you, to my ravish't sight
 My loue with's amber locks appeared laste night
 Bold boie boldlie hee came as feard of naught,
 Shewing in what schoole hee his skill was taught
 Scarce speaking ought at all: if ought it was this
 Where's my Gerle? smothering that too with a kisse
 Nor with this kissing spent hee all the night
 Tut (girls) our pastime yeelded more delight
 I dreamt it did doe soe, for you must knowe
 I did but onelie dreame, it did doe soe:
 To lones embracements, wee (me thought) sell then,
 But lones sweete game is coldlie chaste by men.
 Yet our sex, workes lones labor, eu'ry daie
 With mindes, as willing, as men, goe to plaie
 I girls? girls, I speake in, beate of bloude
 Men too too soone are ty'd, with doying good
 But oh deare girlis (such is our sexes kind)
 One man, maie please vs all, except our mind
 For yf one man content me woman, can
 Then, why should it not be this youthfull man?
 His vaines were full, soe stronge a backbee had
 As Hercules to him was but a ladd
 Yf youth and strength 'tis, quencheth woman's fire
 Then 'twas in him, as much as I desire
 But 'tis not Oceans of that liquid stuff
 Which lyes in youthfullst men, that is enough
 To quench the mindes outragious frying flame;
 For that once ty'd age onely dampes the same
 Manie a woman till shee hath try'd twoo
 Distasteth all, her firste sweet hart doth doe
 From whence praise coms that Lull, that sowre-sweet smart?
 Oh th' ead of that same springes, a diuclish harte.
 But whether from my rext am, I nowe fled
 My dreame was this, I los'te my maydenhead

To that let not yetourne: oh tis all to he
 Unto vs maides, so i thinke but on that night.
 Him i weene my armes one while i did insold
 Another while, he me, i weene his would hold.
 Ent windinge leggs (me thought) With me he laie
 While i, withs curled locks, did sporte and plase
 Soe longe plaide we as sisters well i wisse
 Our sportes extended further then, to kisse
 Soe longe i kiste, soe longe on's looks i fedd
 As sure in dreame I loste my maydenhead,
 But (sisters) was it in my pow're to choose
 Then such a losse i d'e en'ry mynne lose
 For when we maydes doe lose our mayden treasure
 Oh by that losse we wynn a world of pleasure
 Fayth Girles, Maydes cannot thinke what sweet delight
 Two louers take which warr in loues seirce fight:
 To them loath som's the daie, ouer the night
 But nowe I sighe, nowe doe I greiue to thinke
 That, that night my eye-lides did euer wyne
 For when i wakt (oh dreames! oh dreames) are theeues
 And mist my loue, Judge then (girles) of my greenes
 Oh had i had tenn worldes i would haue than
 Geu'n all those worldes (sweete girles) for halfe a man
 Men stuffs their chestes as full as they can hold
 With cramb' d-trust bagges of aungell-winged gold:
 But what to doe? for sooth to by this land:
 Oh would I had that dust of Tagus strand
 I de not buy land or howses wih it. i
 For other merchandize i de make it flie:
 Had i such laden truncks this I de doe than
 For eny night in yeare I de buy a man
 For, sisters, i maie speake to you my mind
 When i awakt, and lookt my loue to find
 Feeling for's neck to claspe that neck of his
 For's ruddy lipp, hoping that lipp to kisse
 For's wanton legg, for myne wih that i yntwind
 And sisters for ——— oh girles you knowe my mind
 When for these louelie thinges I searcht to see

D

But

But could not find, where those sweet things might be
 With bitter passion, I burst out and cryd
 Wishing, with in my mothers wombe I'de dy'd
 Oh sisters! oh sweete sisters, then did I
 Wisse, for all Death attache me instantlie:
 Nowe did I stare aboute; nowe did I call
 But when noe answere I could heare at all
 Up in my smock I rose and searcht each place
 (Oh girles extreames our sex in loves sweete case)
 Groping behind each trunk, feeling under bedd
 Me thought for him which had my maydenhead
 And oft I'de crye sweete Wagg, thy selfe disclose
 For I'de another maydenhead to loose
 But when noe answere I could heare, oh then
 Weeping, I sigh'd and went to bedd agen,
 Wher'e one while tumbling that waie; or her this:
 Nowe should I sighe; nowe my poore pillowe kisse
 Embracing it betweene my armes embrace
 I'de hugg'd it as if my deare duck were in place
 Frying (in that my frying passions flame)
 I horte the chaste loves sweetest delighfull game
 But when I found my sence deluded soe
 My passions heate, so coldnes then did growe
 For myssing him I grew more cold then stone;
 Oh't paynes my heart to tell; come let's be gone.
 Soe up they rose, but ere they went I rust
 From where I stood, at which the wantons blusht.
 Nowe sir I hope you see what modest charr
 Young maydes will haue when by themselves their gott
 Graues swallowe them: were all dead I'de be gladd
 The best of wiues, or maides, are worse then badd.

Alexander.

Come, come Diogenes, although those three
 In private mirth exceeded modestie
 Yet you doe Ill't accuse soe gennerall;
 Cause one is badd therefore must they be all?
 In soe concludinge, very Ill you doe
 Noe man soe gen'rallie, concludes but you,

Diogenes.

Diogenes.

14
ANd by your leaue sir Il'e conclude soe still
Where one of them is good tenn thousand's Ill
What I haue saide, I will re-saie agen
Wer't not for them, oh blessed were we men
Into vs men, they eate as rust and moathes
Eates into Iron, and the fynest cloathes
Thou seest this riv'led hollowe-eyd face of mine
Thoudst little thinke it has beene dect-vp fyne,
And tricklie trym'd-vp in a womans guise
Onelie to diue into their knaueries
But dust thou heare (I speake it to their praise)
I haue a mary'd wife beene in my daies
At least wise like one, for th'eile yet confesse
They once tooke old *Diogenes* for noe lesse:
Noe butned dublett, on my back I bore
A gowne downe to my heeles (wif-like) I wore
And such attire, this head of myne did beare
As mary'd wiues in those daies wld to weare
Then to my chynn, noe bristye haire was knowne
Nay't had not entertayned anie downe
But twas soe soft, soe sleek, as each man sayd
When I past by, there goes a wife or maide:
My curled locks, hang in a careles guise
With which the wynd did plaie in wanton wise
Like to a wanton, I was trymlie drest
But why I was soe, there consists the iest,

Alexander.

WHy wast thou soe? I pry thee Cynnick tell:
Till thou haste told it, I shall nere be well.

Diogenes.

WHy then be Ill: in sooth 'tis not my liste
To make thee laughe: for I'me a Satyryst:

Againe thy companie, I doe brooke foe Ill
As I would haue thee gone, had I my will

Alexander.

WHy tel't mee then, and instantlie shalt see
I will departe, and gett me hence from thee.

Diogenes.

ON that condition I will telt: why knowe
This was the cause I went disguised foe
The Dames of *Athens* merry wenches be
And vnto meetings giv'n-are much you see
To gossip't with them, I did long time longe
To heare the verdict of eache womans tongue
For well knewe I when wiues are gott with wiues
There's tryalls to be heard, of husbands liues
False accusations, cruell Iudgments then,
(Vnmercy fullie) passe vppon poore men
To heare all which (tooth hazard of my life)
I tooke on mee, the habitt of a wife:
And well I womand' it when I did walke
But when at table, I were sett to talk
Then did my tongue betraye me; for I trowe
It prou'd a lade in pace; it was dull and slowe:
I mumping satt: I could not for my life
Make my tongue gallopp, like a marry'd wife
Twas cause I lackt theire arte to spur it vp
Euer anan with a full suger'd cupp.
Yet wiud I it the best that I could doe
And nowe and then raild on my husband too: }
But marke mee nowe; nowe to my tale I goe. }

The Cynnycks discription of the manner
of womens gossyping.

AS at our meate we satt it was hard to knowe
Whether our teeth or tongues, did fastest goe.

At tables upper end in cheifest place
Satt maddam, Will, in reeling drunken, case
Light in, asire shee was, shees Womens god
They hir true subiects be: but she'es mans rodd
Nothing by Will, at anie tyme is saide
But is by Wines, and Widdowes still obayd.

VVills Oration.

Subiectes quoth maddam Will I here am sett
Not all togeather, to se howe you eat
Nor came I whollie to participate,
With this your freelic-spoken, merrie prate
But chiestlie why amongst you nowe I come
Is to knowe howe eache wife, fares in hir home
Howe by hir husband shee is dailie vsd
Whether she'es well-entreated, or abusd,
Therefore yf anie of you suffer greife
Know I am Will, and will yeld you releife
Be bold to speake, I am the wiues delight
And euer was, and wilbe th'usbandes spight
Ile sit as Iudge vppon these wicked men
Doe you accuse, and Ile gnie sentence then.

The old vvines complaynt againste hir younge husband.

AT which old Crona with hir redd-bleare eys
From of the stoole she satt did straytwayes rise
And out a loude, to Will, for iustice cries.
Quoth she, my sou' raygne Queene' tis not with tongue
I able am to expres my dayelic wronge.
Three husbandes haue I had; two old in truth
But they the cropping had, of my greene youth
In lewe of whurb (to thinke on't nowe I me sadd)
They left me all the goodes and gold they had.
With Castell sto'rd-was all my pasture growndes

With fyne woold bleating sheepe & byllie downes
 Crambd was my barnes my cheste with m^r did hold
 Maie a Princes picture in puere gold
 And while they l^u d^o that thing was wondrous skant
 That Crona euer did speake for and want:
 Then in wealthes pleasures I did swimm and floate
 But out alas that e're old fooles should doate
 For since theire deathea (ah Queene I speake with ruth?)
 Fond-foolish I sett my loue on a youth
 Making him master and possessor quite
 (In hope heed doe to mee all true lones right)
 Of all the golden goodes I were possesst
 And left with by theire soules, which nowe doe reste
 But (aye me Caytif) neuer wretched?
 Untill this tyme knewe what was miserie
 Oh nowe I fynd, this is the sweeter life
 To be an old maies nurse, then a youths wife
 For s loue I wedded him, but he aboue
 Doth onelse knowe, who doth enioie his loue
 My bedd hee loathes; hee neuer gines me kis
 But hee cries, wife, reward my leue for this
 For yf younge men old wines one kis affordes
 Tis for the loue th'ane, to theire golden hordes,
 Without I buy his loue, hee lye all night
 In sullen wife, and discontented plight
 Not once soe much as turning vnto me
 Unles a golden lure, his eyes doth see.
 And nowe greates goddes Will, for lones intent
 Soe longe I brided him, haue, as all is spent
 And I am cast-of, wherefore lett me craue
 That gainst him, publick sentence I maie haue
 At which some periodd, all the wittles reate
 In his behalfe vnto dame Will cryd' out.

Dame VVills Sentence.

Subiect quoth Will, well has thy fluent tongue
 Expressed with passion, thy too greate a wronge

Is this; thou shalt torment him day and night
 With that same poysoned instrument of thyme
 I meane thy tongue: then shalt thou se, in fyne
 Howe desprate he, to hang himselfe he'e le gadd
 Or els, howe soone he will proue braine-sick madd
 My sentence is at noe tyme thou shalt rest,
 But with thy tongue torment him, still thy beste.
 In feilde, in bedd, at borde, in each place still
 He haue thee styng him with thy bitterst skill
 Call him, up start, base scumm, the worst of worst;
 Ask him who made him, and who raisd him firste?
 Tell him, e're thou mettist with him hee did lacke
 Shoes for's feete, hose for's leggs, and cloathes for's backe
 Such peales at all tymes ring thou in his eare
 It is my sentence; doe't, and doe not feare
 To doe that hest, awaie did Crona trudge
 Praising dame Will, for a moste upright Iudge.

The youngevvifes complaint against
 hir icolous headed old
 husband.

That wrinkle-faced drudge, noe sooner gone
 But in hir place straight slept-up such a one
 As matchles was in bewties pleasing grace;
 One, who exceld, lones mother in the face
 Men call hir Yontha: oh greate queene quoth shee
 Since woemens wronges thou rightest, then right thou mee
 My couetous parents (not to Natures kinde)
 Unto an old man matcht me, 'gainst a my minde
 Fortie such men, unable are to quench
 The fyre flames tyn'd in a lustfull wenche.
 When burning Luste with's violent scortching fyre
 Hath sing'd my harte with passions seince desire
 Then in Loues chase I hunt for in Loues game
 Remayneth: that which quencherh Lusts hott flame.

But, sweene an old mans armes what can they quench
Still flares the flames, rynd in a youthfull wench,
Yet yf that shin'ing coldnes beate allowes;
Then that in old men, shall we find alwaies
As we are extreame hott, soe still are they
Extreame in that same cold extremitee
But loues seirce fire with fire must quenched be;
'Ells still the more it burnes: so's fares with me.
For 'las, when lust hath beate me, I cann find
His cold embrace, nide quencher of my mind
My parents might haue matcht me to one dead,
As well as to a sapples old mans bedd:
I cann smale diffrence make: for men one old
Like dead men, laye: oh th' are corruptly cold.
Rug'd-wrinkled is his face: his head in shoue
Seemes like a hillock, bild with milk, white snoue
His humors heauier, then sadd massie lead
His leggs like Icsicles doe waune my bedd
Noe signe of beate, is in this aged fire
'Les in his nose, but that resembles fire.
What shall I saie, ther'es none, that doth him see
But saies the picture of cold wint'rs ho
Yet I (oh moste vnequall matche!) alas
Enforste to wedd, with this cold dotard wai
With whom (greate Queene) I such a life doe leade
As I eache mynute, wishe my selfe were dead.
Soe hath his aged disabilitie
Possessed him, with this seende Teolofie
As I cann, nor waies, goe from sight of his eyes
But straiter waies after me, he sendes his spies
Nor cann I talke with anie, but in his head
A r'seth some conceipte, Il's wrong his bedd.
Let but atrech'rous doore in night once creak
Then straight he doubteth, ther'es some with me would speake
Confrence with neereft kin, hee'l not allowe,
Fearing we plott, to breake our weddlock vowe
Which god he knowes (greate Queene) my spotles mind
That waies as yet, hath nether beene inclynd

Smyle I, or weepe I, all is one; for hee
 Of what's soe ere I doe, will iealous bee
 If I doe smyle, then sayes he straight I've had
 Sport with my loue; tis that, makes me soe gladd
 If I am sadd; then doth hee saie hee knowes
 The spring from whence my mallanchollie flowes
 Up brayding me, I me onelie sadd for this
 Because my loue, of his sett how're did misse
 Such is a grislie old mans, faire wiues state
 As iealous-headed he will deeme she'el haue
 Though ouer hir hee settis a thousand spies,
 And eu'rye spie, an Argus is, for's eyes:
 Therefore, since (causles) he doth wrong me soe
 Teache me revenge against this latched foe.
 Giue sentence (Queene) what shall bee done by me
 Againste him in revenge of's ieolosee.

Dame VVills sentence in the young
 wifes behalfe against hir old
 husband.

Youth a quoth maddam Will, with greate regard
 Haue I, this thy sadd information heard
 And doe bewaile the same; but I le' haue thee
 Plague thy old husband, for his feolosee.
 Yet Iealous-headed men noe plagues doe neede
 For in themselves, sufficient plagues doe breede
 For looke in what place, fealosie doth dwell
 There are the tormentes, of an earthlie hell.
 Yet since for naught, he doubts soe faire a dame
 Thus shalt thou sting and torture him, forth same.
 In secrett wise, I le haue: hee staine his bedd,
 And graft faire gilded hornes, on's siluerd head
 Such glorious spriggs soe well in noe place growes
 As in the riue lea furrowes of an old mans browes.
 Thou art a woman; therefore canst not want
 At all tymes skill, such setts and grafts, to plant

My sentence is thou shalt him for beguile
 As make him, I thinke his father to that child
 Which thou thy selfe knowst not who it begot
 To gather goodes for whom, shall th' old drudge rotte
 Not sparing night nor daie, till's life be done
 Howe to scrape wealth, to giue anothers sonn
 And cause thy parents, forste thee to his bedd
 Thus will I haue thy parents punnished.
 Thou shalt, vnto theire skarier blushing shame,
 Besport them With the spotts, of thy straid name
 Soyling thy wedding sheetes, faire Pary white
 With fowle black spotts, of sale lusts loathed delighe
 Bewteous youth a my sentence nowe is done
 See that on them the re execution.

The gossipping vviues complaint
 against hir riche churlishe
 husband.

THis sentence giu'n, the whole route gam to rise
 But pert. quicke-tongued Golsippa (whose eyes
 Contaynd of beymushe teares a crist all flunde)
 Starts vpp, and praies Dame Will, to hir be good.
 Of all thy louing subiectes? (quoth shee)
 Haue euer yet beene found faythfulst to thee
 And therefore my good Queene, let me acquainte
 Thy gentile eares with one petition. plainte.
 Two thinges I loue; two vsuall thinges they are
 The firste, newe-fashionsd cloathes, I loue to weare
 Newe tires, newe ruffes; and newe gesture too:
 In all newe fashions, I doe loue to goe:
 The second thing I loue, is this I wene
 To ride aboute to haue those newe cloathes sent
 At eu'rye gossipping I am at still
 And euer wilbe, maie I haue my will
 For at ons owne howse, praie, who ist' can see
 Howe syne in newe found, fash'ond tires wee bee?

18
 Onles our husbandes: fauour, but very few
 And whoo'd got gaie, to please a husbands veine?
 Alas we wiu's doe take but smale delight
 If none (besides our husbandes) se'es that sight.
 It ioyes our heartes, to heare an other man,
 Praise this or that attire, that wee weare on
 Wee iocund are, and thinke our selues much graste
 If we heare one saie, faire wenche, faithe in waste
 This straight-girt gowne, becomes you passing well
 From other Taylors yours doe beare the bell:
 Oh hee that well can actt-out such sweete partes
 Throwes-up the lure which wynn's our very hartes
 When we are stubborn' st, then, let men with skill
 Rubb'es well with th' oyle of praise and bend we will
 That smoorhe-fyne supple oyle doth soften vs soe
 As what ist then, we will not yeild vnto?
 Meetinges and brauerye were my delight:
 Those were the two: but (greate quietne) he'ras the spight
 Without greate store of wealth, be daileie gainde
 Of all delights, those are the worst'e maintaine
 And therefore I did alwayes plott in mind
 Howe a wealthie, riche husband, out to find
 And one I've gott: but such a churle is hee
 As scarce a penny will bestowe on mee
 And that shall neuer come, but (fore, I ha' re)
 The miserable clowne, will scratch his pate
 Alwayes demandinge what wish't, I will doe
 And then comes out, he'ras such a stir with you.
 A man had better ridd-be of his life
 Then clog'd with such a fydling foolish wife
 Such are his tauntes, when I demanda him ought
 As what I gett from him, is dearelie bought.
 I cannot grosslie feede, for I in sooth
 Haue a tender mawe, and a daintie tooth
 These beeces and muttons, are but homely fare
 My appetite doth thirste for what's most rare:
 Had I vnto my mind, then, I would eate
 Still of the fynest pallat-pleasing meate

But fy on hogges! oh! there is none liues, liues
 Soe strawglic hartfall as these rich churles wrytes
 For yf I cannot gnawe, a hard drye cruste
 Manie a daie, faste-out the tyme I muste.
 Juste like to Tantalus it fares with mee
 For what I hunger-for I alwaies see.
 All what against him I doe to saie, I've saide
 Nowe queene I doe ympleore thy counsellis ayde.
 I cannot gossipp it nor cann goe trymm
 Cause I want arte, to worke coine out from him.
 Tatling Gossippa here-at holdes hir tongue
 With praying maddam Will to right hir wronge.
 Silence beinge made, thus dame Will replies.

VVills sentence vppon the
 rich churle

Sbleet quoth shee I've heard thy Injuries
 And yf they all bee true which I did beare
 Then are they too too much for thee to beare
 For to us women these thinges are mooste ill
 To abate our prides, and to restraine our Will
 If hee bee riche; his barnes are full of graine
 Where hee one bushell sells, sell thou still waine
 His swyne, sheepe, geese, henns, ducks, doe thou conuaie
 I, sell his very shertes but goe thou gaie,
 Of all men, hee unworthy, it is of life
 That will not laste of all mistruste his wife.
 A nightes, faile not but pick the churles stufte purse
 If hee doth sware, I hope thy tongue cann curse
 But yf his barnes, purse, yarde, and all doe fayle
 Then to th' old vse put thou thy nimble tayle
 Lett that worke for thee; for by that same waie
 Ther'es manie a woman makes hir selfe gaie
 That waie thou maiste the supple sattons ware
 That waie thou maiste feede on thee dainy st fare
 If noe waie else thou canste make thy selfe trymm
 Then that waie, tis my Will, thou punnsh him

Whod

19
Who'd sweate and toyle for this same golden treasure
When one maie gett it, with the sweetest pleasure
Thou knowst my minde; Golsippa, doe it then:
Faie wenches cannot want, while there are men.

Diogenes makes himself
knowne.

AT th'end of which same sentence, all arose
Where-at my selfe to them I did disclose
But er'e I did it, I did gett to'oth dore
For had they caught me, they'd haue vsd me fore:
To hold me, eu'rye woman out did crie
But bring out their reacher awaie ran I:
Gladd that I d' scene and heard their knauerye
Nowe sir, I've iustlie told, for what intent
I like a woman amongst women went
Yf you on their behalves haue ought to saie
Sait'e some where else, or gett you hence awaie.

Alexander.

TO whar thast' saide, smale credit I cann giue
For I shall neuer made-be to beleue
That creatures halfe deuiue for glorious bewtie
Should soe respectles be to man in dutie.
Things eu'rye waie soe perfect faie in shewe
In vertues fullie perfect, are I knowe

Diogenes.

THou knowst it; doost? awaie, thou art an else
What canst thou knowe, that knowest not thy selfe
The golden-skald snake's, a louchie thinge
Had not that glorious worme, a poysoned stinge
Of maides and wiuers noe barrell better bee
Would God made none, but what were spoke of mee.

E 3

Alexander.

Alexander.

WHy prithee speake; howe manie wouldst haue then?

Diogenes.

FOr one halfe girle, tenn hundred thousand men.

Alexander.

NOwe fie vppon thee Cynnick, why dost bite
And sett soe pure a thing, as woman light?
I am a shamd' of thee; doe what I can,
I cannot think, thou art a perfect man
I doe beleue that thou at noe tyme haste
That manlie heate, which causeth man to waste
Thou art noe man; for we'rt a man. I'me sure
A womans companie thou couldst endure.
But saie, thou wert enforst vppon thy life
To take thee to some one to be thy wife
What kinde of woman-creature wouldst thou chuse
Yf it were soe thou mightst it not refuse.

Diogenes.

BY hanginge, Ide chuse rather end my life
Then Id'e a woman haue, to be my wife
But were it soe, that one I needes must haue
And that I had noe waie, my selfe to saue
Then all the world Ide' seeke, but I would fynd
A woman for my wife, dumb, deafe, and blinde
Besides; yf I could possiblie preuaile
Ide seeke the world for one, without a taile
Most men in bodie wasted are by wines
But such I'me sure, would prone restoritiues.

Alexander.

Alexander.

Fle man; why what in women doost thou see
That they soe much, distastefull are to thee.

Diogenes.

NOe more then thou maiste see, yf th'art not blind.
Why moste of them hudge gyantes are for minde
Pride keepes hir faire in eache faire wantons face
And *Luste* keepes in their taile hir markett place
Revengefull Wrath their furious tongues doth swaie.
From labor, drow sie *Sloath* their handes doth staie
In syns sweete-poyfined Iuyce *drunken* theile be
And *Envie* others, drunken soe to see
What see I not in them? they are the Inns
Wherein doth lodge those monstrous murdering synns.

Alexander.

Fle Cynnick, thou doste blowe too bitrer aire
On tender blossoms, which are sweetlie faire.

Diogenes.

YF shee be faire, and a sharpe-witted one
And honeste too; a Phenix she'es alone.
Who hath tenn *Herculesses* strengths in's loines
And with a faire sharpe-witted wanton Ioyns
Shall be assured the horne, on's browe to fynd:
Whoo'l quench a wantons luste must quench the mind;
Th'are proude; eache wench would bee an *Alexander*
And by hir will, ouer a world commander.
But yf not proude, nor lustfullie inclind
Then eyther foole, or scold, of hir shalt fynd.
Eyther of them, mans patience soe would alter
As they would make him straight make vse ath halter.
They are all naught, I cannot brooke em I

Would I were *Diogenes*, then women all should die

Alexander.

NAie fie Cynnick thou railst too gennerall
Thou must not for some fewe condemn em all,
Thou talkst, as yf thou wert noe womans sonn
I would thradst trauald, but as I haue done :
Although th' *Athenians* giue are to their will
And liue a life displeasinge (hatefull ill)
Yet since my traualle, (where I haue beene)
Aboundance vertuous women I haue seene.

Diogenes.

OH ya'r a traualyer ; praie are you foe ?
Where you haue beene, black swanns you haue seene too
Good traualyer the hearinge I will giue you
But you shall giue me leaue not to beleene you
Women are naughte : Il'e talk noe more with thee
And therefore naught, because women they bee.

Alexander.

OH straung ! yf *Alexander* heard but thee
For womens sakes (I me sure) thou'dst punnished be.

Diogenes.

GOe tell' him goe ; I doe as little care
For him as thee ; let both doe what you dare.
Tell me of him ? I feare him not a flic :
I dread nor might : *Diogenes* am I :
Hees but a man ; Il'e ne re fawne for mans grace
What I haue saide, Il'e boldlie saye too's face
And wer't, he were as badd as women bee
Id'e bite the monnark to his face, shouldst see.

Alexander.

Alexander.

He knowes thou wouldst in that I knowe the same
For I am hee: for this cause here I came
To heare thy wittie bluntnes, and to see
Whether thy sayings and thy deedes agree,
Come Cynnick burne this tubb and followe me
And vnto noble titles, Ile raise thee.

Diogenes.

Thou wilt: but I will not: none can raise me,
I'me in my tubb as greate a Kinge as thise.
Who holdes the world and it's vaine trash for sight
He: truelie conquers it, giue him his right:
And soe doe I: therefore hudge *Alexander*
I hold my selfe (ath' twaine) the greatst commaunder
I will not begg to rule and governe landes
Onelle thy absence, Ile begg at thy handes.
I prethee pack thee hence and gett thee gone
The companie still is best, where is but one.
Goe seeke thee out an other world to wynn
And putt the women of this world therein
But let that world be farr enough; and then
Learning and virtue will encrease with men
Naught else I haue to begg, graunt but this suite
Then henceforth suer, shall my tongue rest mute.

FINIS.

F

AN

You choycest creatures, (you which god did take
From out many self-mans comfort to make)
Discomfort not your selues nor be dismayd
At what a dogged Cynnick here bath sayde
What though sowre-churl: she-be (too currish blynde)
Haith barkt too broadllye gamste your gentle kind
Tee little doth such clouds keepe from our sights
Your shynninge vertues; this worldes splendamm flighes
Happye his gally ver-cym'd speech proceeds
As grounde a by self-doyinge dwelish deedes.
Dead is the dogg, & hope and for your sex
The spiritts doth his spiritt hate the vex.
Excuse my worke, it paines to be Cynnick forth
And to the wise it nothinge staines your worke.

FINIS.



A MORRALL SATIRE,

Intituled the Owles araygne- ment.



Hen fowles coulde talke with reason like to men
This accydent among them happend then:
Before the Prince of fowles the Owle was brought
To answer why she did thing: lawles naught:
Her adversaries were the batt the thrush

With others moe: who night lie in the bush
Shee ey her scard with skreeking fearefull cryes
Or so deynlie (ere wake) did them surprize:
Wherefore they apprehending hir did craue
That they against hir might iuste Iustice haue.
Greave Prince quoth they to death put thou this Owle
She is a wildlie living wicked fowle:
Unfitt to liue: all daie shee sleepest; a night
Smale birds shee kills; the best and greatest she frights
Breaking our quiet sleepe with the fell noyse
Of manlike lute and yauling-whooping voice
And therefore son raigne Prince wee all doe craue
Since shee deserueth death, death shee maye haue.
If ha Eagle sternlie mild putt them aside
Commanding silence thus the Eagle cryd
Come forward Owle and free thy hart from feare
Speake freelis bird true iustice I doe here
Before my sword of iustice Death dach strike
Th' accuser, and th' accused I beare alike
Bribes nor affection make my cleare eys blind
And therefore freelis seareles speak thy mind
When th' owle did heare this mild speech of hir Lord
Courage shee tooke in gesture and in word
Chearing hir selfe, shee thus toth Eagle cryes
Impartial iustice comes from Maesties

My cause your selfe; my cause I little feare
For what need I quoth shew dread any thing
Being my cause is heard before my King
Let murderers quake when Iustice shakes his ridd
The Iust nere feares the Iudgment of Iust god
Noe more will I since frelie plead I must
(In guileles cause) before a King soe iust
Two accusations are against me layde
To be a murderer is the first I me sayde
The second is that I in sylon might
With manlike voice smale birds and fowles a frigh
Greate Prince I bosh confes; but firste Ie shoue
The cause and reason which makes me shriek soe
A night as I hollowing whoop and wondring crye
But gracious Prince this is the reason why

In each place I doe see proude Babells built
With cloude-braving current daub'd o're with gulle
With in those Babells I doe peepe to spie
The princelie presence of your maiestie
But when instead of you (on bedd of strawe)
I see that eatling bird the Iack-adaw
With admiration then awaie I flie
Then lo ho ho then wo ho ho crye I.

Sometimes I daringlie presume to peepe
With in your Court when all your courtiers sleepe
Where when I see the prating parrot grac'd
And birdes of better worth for him displac'd
Or when I see the plummy peacocks pride
To strins to lie by's sou'raignes Princes side
And se the valiant Cock with streamer in list
That sight much wonder to my eyes doth giue
With admiration then awaie I flie
Then lo ho ho then wo ho ho crye I

Sometimes I flie o're Neptunes glasse soile
To see the slipp of our sea-gar-m-flie

Home like they are couch water-shaken trees
And howe from clowes all braue sea birds are fled
Then like a maile content I hang downe head
With admiration then wate I see
Then lo ho ho then wo ho ho crie I

Sometimes ore st o'nd-pauid Curries I take flight
Where to my night-clear eyes admired sight
I see the Cuckoe build in house his nest
Which ere was doome to be Silvanus guest:
Baselic brooking each cock-sparrowes rivalry
Suffrings more fur trash to back in brothely
A nights such sights presented to my eye
Makes me with wonder wo ho ho to cry.

This is the cause greate Prince why in the night
I wonder soe: nowe where they doe indight
Me for a murtherer: your grace shall find
I me leaste of all your nobles soe inclind;
Guiles I plead; or yf I guiltie be
With me must die your whole nobility
Tour Hawkes (dread sovraine Prince) doe dailie kill
And dailie doe deuoure eate-up and spill
Tour honest subiects, yet theres noe a one
Layes hold of them: gainst them the're noe complaint
Greate-peeres nere to Princes should not doe soe
By their stepps we track which waie Kings doe goe
As Phebes light from Phebus doth proceed
Soe doth a great Lords act from Princes deed
Yf Kings encloud with vice their Vertues sunne
That selfe thick-fog gye course their peeres will runne
If I doe murther, they doe murther too
What waie I goe, that waie your hauke must goe
Else gracious Prince your lawe giues waie and place
To such as are, or are not in your grace.
Else greates ones open, maie your mayes doore
Sucking the fact from men but vntillie poore
Inustly wringing poore-poore underlings

For sauer also we live, though they say
And confound us (that tithing should) long
But you should not be my fear againe King
For from a Kingdoms lawes cleave the best all strong
Alke all streames should run: Let ry. whar
That should spawne water uncorrupte cleare
Let it doe for my Prince: let poore means cryme
Be made like clothes: w^e are made of felt-like stube
All things are variable gods; therefore should Kings
In an imperiuall ballance weigh all things
Therewith judge doth see: and see should you
Like that corrupte iudge in all p^{er}sones doe.
I freebe speake; the cause I speake for
Is cause at first great Prince you licensd mee.
I have accusd, but not excusd; for still
My fault is not lesse for anothers ill.
Therefore my Prince to this my pleading tend
You'l quiet my fault, and slay my fault amund.
The Prince well listning to the appeaching Owle
Turne to the banker, on whom with wrathfull count
He cast his eyes, 'Quoth he, speake as it true
Ify nobles which this owle reports of you?
In guileles bloud have you embred your hands?
Tis monstrous vilds / why your the pupps of bond
The sterv-men, to your Prince: by you best led
By whom but you should be be counsell'd?
Your heades should without the icloure cristall springe
From which should perreut out of some virgins thong
From your brains fountaines shoulde pure streames should flowe
As by that moisture things should flourish growe,
Wherefore what I have said to you consent?
I thinke in p^{er}son vice was our intent
Will you that are part-makers of the lawe
Be breakers of it self? I saw them in a
Shall I say what I saw? why when they se
I am downe by me they deeme the like of me
Disgracefull as this they will report

Of obtruded men, there such a fault is grown.
As scarce as one about the Court is knowne
By you shall I growe to loath & infamie
And iudge the nurse of foule-fell tyranny
And therefore nobles, if your free and cleare
From these damnable, heinous crimes, make now appeare.

Silence being made, the guiltie nobles
Being themselves to growe to dangerous troubles
Thus (desperately) replies: oh King quoth they
I hope unto our murders youll give waie
If we make spoile and other evils undoe
We take the example soveraign Prince from you
We nor our Princes imitate them still
We be the emblems of your good or ill
If you slaine, we slaine; if you saue, we saue
All Kings about them many shadows haue:
For this our fault we seeke not make excuse
Cause from your selfe sprang firste this fault & abuse
And therefore King if you'l haue subiects awe
You must not onely make but keep your lawe.

This peremptorye answer so incensed
His maiestie as it wene them wars commended
But while as they were soe at Ciuill strife
The Owle that maliciously saues hir life
She being loose & waie from keeper scudde
Lusking from sight all daie in thickest woods
But eu'ry night about the outlawe flies
Joying hir escape, wo ho ho she cries.

FINIS.

W. G.